

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

#### The Nest.

I found a bird's nest in a tree;  
Now what was that to you or me—  
A last year's bird's nest, in a tree?  
And yet I marveled when I saw  
The tiny nest of hair and straw,  
Designed and built by nature's law.  
A vacant home, and lovely still,  
Though buffeted by winds at will;  
A finished work of wondrous skill.  
A thing of beauty to conceive,  
With only beak to form and weave,  
A dream of art, so soon to leave.  
The little nest that pleased and thrilled  
My soul with reverence had filled—  
God taught the robin how to build.  
—S. Minerva Boyce.

#### Pa.

Pa ain't afraid of lions or of bears  
Or snakes, you know,  
Or cannibals or robbers anywhere,  
He told me so.  
Pa says: "Some fellows only brag and  
boast  
I ain't that kind.  
I ain't afraid of devils or of ghosts;  
But never mind."  
Pa rode a buckin' bronco 'way out  
West,  
And won the race.  
And told a pirate once pull down his  
vest,  
And slapped his face!  
Pa scalped ten Indians in the wilder-  
ness—  
All bigger'n Pa.  
Pa ain't afraid of anything, I guess—  
Except'n Ma.  
—Walter G. Doty.

### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

All Wide-Awakes are old enough to cultivate good cheer; but all of them, perhaps, do not know how to do it. No boy or girl ever cultivated good cheer by being cast down and making themselves miserable because they cannot have their own way. Our own way is not always the best way, even when we are grown up. It is a bad habit taking form when a boy or a girl gets vexed and then keeps morose whenever they are disappointed. Disappointments are among the very commonest things of life and they are most of them like the white-faced bumble-bee, without a sting, if you have a mind to think so. Getting down-hearted is a bad habit and I expect the men and women who expect to die every night when they go to bed and are surprised every morning when they wake up and bemoan that they must live one more day, and still go right on living, didn't take their disappointments right when they were boys and girls. It is just as easy to keep sweet as it is to get sour if you will give the matter attention. The way you frame your mind puts shine or shadow into life. If you always resent little offenses and keep a revengeful feeling you will grow into a person who will take more pleasure in the Day of Wrath than in the Day of Mercy. Here is a saying which should never be forgotten: "The only man who is down in this world is the man who thinks he is down!" Learn to bear up under disappointment. Learn to frame up a smile where the world expects to see a grimace. Do not let Old What's-the-Use get hold of you, for if you do you are down and out. It is the chilly thought that takes cheer out of the hearts of men and makes all their efforts vain. "Brace up!" is one of the finest of companions, one of the most dependable of friends. Do not too around with you annoyances, chills and pains for others, for if you do you will be welcome nowhere and will get to thinking the world is against you when the truth is you are against yourself—your own worst enemy!

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mildred Morley of Eagleville: I thank you very much for my prize book entitled Animal Stories for Little People. I thought it very interesting.  
Leora Carpenter of Lebanon: I received the book the other day which you sent me as a prize for the story I wrote for The Bulletin. I was very much pleased with it, as I always like the story of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. I thank you very much for it, and will try to win more books later.  
Helen M. Reynolds of Eagleville: I received the prize book called Jack Midwood. I am reading it now and like it very much. Thank you for it.

### WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1-Delia Lepage of Attawaugan, Mother Fairy Tales.
  - 2-Luke Geopert of Colchester, Mother Goose's Puzzle Pictures.
  - 3-Hattie Perkins of Colchester, Robinson Crusoe.
  - 4-Marian Royce of Norwich, Doty Dimple's Playway.
  - 5-Annie Farrell of Stonington, Grimm's Fairy Tales.
  - 6-Rose Breckenridge of Norwich, Mother Nature Stories.
  - 7-Helen Risley of Norwich, The Little Lame Prince.
  - 8-Ada Marriott of Oneco, Little Prudy's Sister Susie.
- Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

#### A Foolish Tom Cat.

One day a lady gave my mother a big yellow and white tom cat. We kept it in the cellar, so it would get used to it. One day it ran away and went home again.  
The lady who gave it to us would not let it in the house or feed it. It was a good cat, but it did not want to stay with us. We'd go after it almost every day and it would not stay. It is a good cat for mice. Its name is Tommy.  
Now, don't you think he is a foolish cat? I think if my mother did not want me, and some good people did, I would stay with them.  
We once had a yellow tom cat, and a big black and white dog bit it, and with a revolver and stepped into the hall to see what was going on.  
Not knowing about the monkey he suspected it was a burglar, so he got up and lit a light and armed himself with a revolver and stepped into the hall to see what was going on.  
Greatly to his surprise he found a monkey instead of a burglar, as he had suspected.  
The monkey was amusing himself by dipping his paw in a pail of water and throwing it against the wall, causing a swishing noise that awoke the man.  
Being a pet, he was not at all disturbed by the presence of the man and continued until the water was almost gone.  
The man quietly returned to his chamber and after blowing out his light went to bed, but not to sleep, for he couldn't sleep with that "swish, swish, swish."  
When the water ran low the monkey picked up the pail and went away, looking for a chance to disturb someone else.  
The man was perfectly satisfied on learning the origin of the peculiar noise and finished his sleep.  
HARRY CHURCH, Age 15, Hampton.

#### The Mischievous Monkeys.

A man once chanced to stop at a southern hotel where they had a pet monkey which was always playing tricks upon the guests.  
One morning, early, the man was awakened out of a sound sleep by a noise similar to this: "Swish, swish, swish."  
Not knowing about the monkey he suspected it was a burglar, so he got up and lit a light and armed himself with a revolver and stepped into the hall to see what was going on.  
Greatly to his surprise he found a monkey instead of a burglar, as he had suspected.  
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#### The Raft.

Two children had been out on a visit to their grandfather's farm, during their summer vacation. They had been in the city most of their lives. They were on the farm about a day and a half.  
In the afternoon about 2 o'clock they went down to the river side. They saw an old weather-beaten raft, tied with an old rotten rope. The children were jumping up and down very merrily. Suddenly they heard a snapping noise. The raft floated down the stream.  
Mary began to scream but in vain. John tried to comfort her. John was thinking deeply. Soon his face brightened and his eyes sparkled. He took off his cap and stockings and jumped in. He swam on his back and pulled the raft with his hands. Both children got home in safety.  
SADIE SHEA, Age 11, Versailles.

#### Why a Swallow Builds Her Nest in a Barn.

Did you ever hear why a swallow built her nest in a barn and not in a tree like most birds do? I will tell you why.  
Once there was a swallow who saw when sowing seed in a field. When the man went looking for the seed, the swallow went and picked up a seed and said: "Aha, this man is sowing flax. I will have to put a stop to this. I'll let these seeds in the ground it won't be long till the flax will be growing."  
She had learned in some way that men made thread from flax. "This will never do," she said. "These bad men will take this linen thread and make a large net with it. Then they will kill all the birds."  
She then went to the other birds and told them what she had found and they all agreed to go with her and eat the flax up. But the birds made fun of her and would not go. They said:  
"The young flax has not grown yet. When it has it is time to listen to you."  
One day she went to the field to see if it had grown. It had grown quite a little, so she went and told the birds, but they wouldn't go and help her. So when she saw how careless they were she said:  
"I will not live any longer among them in the woods."  
That is why she came to live in a barn.  
Did you ever see a swallow's nest? I think if a swallow could speak it would say: "Never decide to another day what you can do now."  
HATTIE PERKINS, Age 14, Colchester.

#### How a Sparrow Saved a Life.

When Mr. Rooster was young he often saw a large eagle sitting on a chopping block and because there was a quantity of feathers nearby, he believed all his friends had died at that place. The eagle began to feed on the feathers and he saw a book she would not know what it was.  
In all her life she has only seen one white man. Some white children living in large cities see thousands of them in a day. Her father has gone hunting today. If he is successful he will bring home food for dinner tomorrow.  
In her country there is no winter. The seasons there are the rainy season and the dry season. It is warm the year. How surprised she would be to see snow!  
You may be sure she has never seen a sled. Do you think she would like to slide down hill with you? How different is her life from the life of our little Japanese cousin!  
VERSAILES.

#### Benny's Property.

Once there was a very poor boy who was left without father or mother. He lived with a poor aunt in a large city. One day as Benny, for such was his name, was walking along the main street, he came to a large, old, white gentleman came along and asked him if he wouldn't like to get a place to work. Benny was very eager for the job and it was arranged that he should go to work in the office of the Wilson & Clark Co. next morning.  
Ben didn't get very big wages at the beginning, but his aunt was encouraged by her nephew's prosperity and soon began to put away money for the future.  
After four years of service in the office Ben was made a member of the firm. The firm bought a small granite island and established a quarry over which Ben was placed as boss.  
The inhabitants of the island were mostly fishermen who were very poor. Some of them began to work the quarry and the quarrymen of the Ben very pretty maidens lived on this small

everything that went on about him, although he seemed to be sound asleep. All at once he pricked up his ears and listened and then ran off as fast as he could, leaving a great hole in the wall. His keen ears had told him that a herd of cattle had broken out of a neighboring pasture and strayed into the wheat field, and he seemed to know that in a short time they could trample down many dollars' worth of precious grain.  
Round and round he ran, until he had them all together in one little corner of the field, and there he kept them through the whole long day until the family came home.  
We can imagine how tired he must have been and how glad to see his master. He asked to ride the horse and after that everybody loved him more than ever.  
LILLIAN BREAHAUT, Age 16, East Norwich, N. Y.

#### A Country Girl's Life.

I live on a farm between Stonington and Mystic, Conn. My house is near a pumping station. The farm has about a hundred and fifty acres. Last summer when we were getting the hay in the barn I used to ride the horse around the lot and take the hay, I built loads on the wagon, and would drive the horse to the barn. I am used to horses and have been around them all my life.  
When my father got all of his hay in the barn he went to help another man. I begged him to let me go and he said that I might. When I got there, I asked to ride the horse and he told me I could.  
The ground was rough and I got a good deal of shaking up but I did not mind that because my horse was kind and would stop when he was bid.  
I like to live on a farm because there are many more things to interest little girls in the country than in the city.  
My pet horse's name is Robert Horn. He is very gentle and I can ride him anywhere.  
I used to have a pet horse named Asmuck, but he was sold and I felt very bad.  
In winter I go skating as there is a large pond in the house. I go to a country school and am in the seventh grade.  
I like to be out doors in summer.  
I hope others in the Wide-Awake Circle will write about their country life.  
ANNIE FARRELL, Age 12, Stonington.

#### The Sheep and The Birds.

A father and son were once sitting under a tree upon a hill. It was near sunset, and a flock of sheep were quietly grazing. A dog, looking like a strange man appeared, and with him a dog. The sheep upon seeing the dog, plunged into some thorny bushes, and tore off some of their wool.  
The boy, on seeing the wool, was troubled and said, "See, father, how the thorns tear the wool from the sheep. The bushes ought to be cut down."  
As they were speaking a bird flew to the bushes, and picking up the wool, it took it to the top of a high tree where she was building a nest.  
"See," said the father, "with this wool the bird will build a warm nest for her young ones. Do you think we ought to cut the bushes down?"  
"No," said the boy, "we will let them stand."  
"Remember, my son," said the father, "that we are depending on one another. It seems hard for the sheep to lose some of their wool, but if they had not lost some of it, the dog would not have such a warm nest."  
CLAUDE LEATHERS, Plainfield.

#### How the Little Bear Chased Mrs. Porcupine.

There was once three bears who lived in the woods. One was named Father Bear, the other was named Mother Bear, and the other was named Little Baby Bear.  
Little Bear always liked to chase Mrs. Porcupine's children.  
One day Mrs. Porcupine went out to take a walk in the woods. It happened that the three bears were out walking, too. Little Bear saw Mrs. Porcupine's children and he said: "I will have to put a stop to this. I'll let these seeds in the ground it won't be long till the flax will be growing."  
She had learned in some way that men made thread from flax. "This will never do," she said. "These bad men will take this linen thread and make a large net with it. Then they will kill all the birds."  
She then went to the other birds and told them what she had found and they all agreed to go with her and eat the flax up. But the birds made fun of her and would not go. They said:  
"The young flax has not grown yet. When it has it is time to listen to you."  
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"I will not live any longer among them in the woods."  
That is why she came to live in a barn.  
Did you ever see a swallow's nest? I think if a swallow could speak it would say: "Never decide to another day what you can do now."  
HATTIE PERKINS, Age 14, Colchester.

#### Our Little Negro Cousin.

Our little negro cousin lives in Africa in a hut made of reeds and mud which is near the Congo river. She is six years old and does not wear clothes. She never fears of muzzling her dress or spilling her sash when she sits on the ground. She is rolling in the green grass and playing beneath the shading palm trees. If she wants a banana she can pick it from the tree. She has a cat, a dog, a horse, and if she saw a book she would not know what it was.  
In all her life she has only seen one white man. Some white children living in large cities see thousands of them in a day. Her father has gone hunting today. If he is successful he will bring home food for dinner tomorrow.  
In her country there is no winter. The seasons there are the rainy season and the dry season. It is warm the year. How surprised she would be to see snow!  
You may be sure she has never seen a sled. Do you think she would like to slide down hill with you? How different is her life from the life of our little Japanese cousin!  
VERSAILES.

#### Can and Can't.

Dear Uncle Jed and Wide Awakes: I thought I would write you a little story about an "and" and "can't."  
"Can" and "can't" can run a race. Can fell down and hurt his face; but he jumped up and on he ran, the petting little man, in spite of all "can't" said. Can kept on going straight ahead. "Can't" did not wish to be so fast. Nor did he like to run so fast. And so he shouted: "Don't you see that you can never outrun me!"  
But Can replied: "That is just your way, you're telling people every day, that black is white, the earth is flat, and that you can't conquer me for I intend to win this race or die!"  
They kept on running many years, and Can at times shed bitter tears, and over the troubles of the world, and oftentimes would weary get. His feet were sore, the way was rough, the road did not seem short enough. He sometimes tripped and sometimes tripped, but never, never, never stopped.  
At last Can bailed by the way, and said: "Now I will rest and play. And so he waited while his friend, kept on till he reached the end. And Can't was left far in the rear, because he would not persevere. Can won the race. Can't stood still. He always has and always will.  
Now, Wide-Awakes, don't you think it would be a good plan for us that when we have a hard task to do we should not be like Can't, but say, I can and keep on till we win in what we have to do?  
LUCY A. CARTER, Age 12, Scotland.

#### Our Cat, McGinty.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you and the Wide-Awakes about our cat. He is a tiger cat. His name is McGinty. He has been in the family eight years. Sometimes when we are reading he climbs up into our lap and sits on our books or papers. He likes to catch mice and play with them before he kills them. Every night he has a dish of salmon and a cup of milk. My baby brother, Don, said, wheels him around in his little cart he got for Christmas.  
MARION ROYCE, Age 8, Norwich.

#### She Lives on a Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I live on a farm in Windham. We've got four cows, two horses and some sheep. We have lots of sport on the farm.  
I live on a big hill. It is good sliding and skating in winter. I am going to take a horse and some sheep. My name is Lillian. I have three

island and Ben began to admire her very much.  
As the Wilson & Clark Co. grew, Ben was also growing richer.  
At last when the quarry had been pretty well drained of the granite Ben-jamin was called back to the city. Before going he gave his maid, Mona, to his wife, Mrs. Benjamin Richards, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards went to the city to live with their aunt.  
EDITH H. PERKINS, Age 13, North Windham.

#### All Right Harry.

Harry had seen some boys flying their kites from the tops of the houses and he thought it would be nice fun to do so. So he came into the house, when the mother was away, and he said: "Aunt Mary may I give up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"  
His aunt wished to do everything she could to please him, but she thought this was a dangerous thing to do; so she said:  
"No, Harry, my boy; I'd rather you went to school."  
"All right," said Harry. "Then I'll go out on the bridge and fly my kite."  
His aunt thought he was a nice boy and that he always would be.  
One day his mother said to him: "Harry, what are you doing?"  
"Spinning my top, mother."  
"Why don't you go out for a ride?"  
"All right," said the boy, as he put the top in his pocket.  
Uncle Will, said Harry at breakfast one morning, "I go over to your shop this morning? I want to see those baskets again."  
"Yes, Harry," said his uncle, "you may come."  
"I want you to go shopping with me today, Harry," said his mother.  
"All right," said Harry.  
When what Harry was asked to do, he always said "All right."  
He never asked "Why mustn't I?" or "Why can't I?"  
Harry had learned to obey.  
FRANK PARLEY, Age 13, Norwich.

#### An Exciting Experience.

Ted, Frank, Arthur and William wished they could have an exciting experience some day. Then Ted, the leader of the crowd, turned around and there was a bull nosed at them. Ted climbed a tree. Frank went in the bushes. Arthur climbed the stone wall and William climbed the tree.  
The bull ran to the other side of the field. When he was out of sight they came together again. They never forgot the excitement and never wished again for an exciting experience.  
VERT S. LEACH, Age 11, Wauregan.

#### One Good Trick.

One day a cat and a fox met in the woods.  
"Good day, Mr. Fox," said the cat.  
"Very well, I thank you," said the fox.  
"I suppose you have seen the world," said the cat.  
"Oh yes," said she, "I can find my way by night to all the farm-houses. Sometimes I go to the hen-house and catch a hen or a duck."  
"You must be a fine hunter," said the cat, "but men hunt you."  
The cat asked, "What do you do when the dogs chase you?"  
"Oh," said the fox, "I can run very fast. I know a hundred tricks."  
"I know only one," said the cat.  
"What is it?" asked the fox.  
"I am a lost cat," said the fox.  
At last they hear a sound of the hunters' horns. It was the hunters. The fox ran this way and that way and he tried all his tricks, but he was caught.  
The cat ran up the tree and the dog could not see her. This was her one trick. The fox said: "This good trick is better than a hundred poor ones."  
YETTA LEVINE, Age 10, Colchester.

#### The Giant.

Almost every day a giant comes to everyone's door. His step is heavy; his groans and frowns and shakes the ground, but look him in the face and say, "Who cares for you?" Then we see the giant grow pale and thin and small. Look again and he has gone away. Your aunt may catch him in courage, poor lessons in school, or losing your temper. Whatever it is be brave.  
LILLIE GROOBERT, Age 8, Colchester.

#### The Coming of the Birds.

It is spring and the earth has awakened from her long winter nap. Signs of gladness greet her everywhere as she throws off the snowy blanket that has covered her through the dreary, chilly and long, silent nights of winter.  
She hears the gentle patter of rain-drops which call from their hiding places in the bloodroot and the violet. A sunny smile illumines her face as the birds chirp their songs of welcome to the spring.  
"Poor little bird," she says, "this good trick is better than a hundred poor ones."  
YETTA LEVINE, Age 10, Colchester.

#### LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

China imports wood pulp from Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, and Germany.  
The highest mountain in Montana, Granite Peak, with an altitude of 14,000 feet, is in the Beartooth national forest.  
Norway has 14 tree planting societies. The first was founded in 1890, and since then 25 million trees have been planted, more than 2 million having been set out last year.  
In many parts of the west snow is leaving the mountains earlier than usual. Foresters say that this may mean a bad fire season, and they are making plans for a hard campaign.  
New Jersey is said to have the greatest proportion of railroad mileage of any state in the country, or one mile of railroad to every three square miles of territory. This makes an unusual risk of forest fires set by railroads.  
The heavy storms in southern California during the past rainy season wiped out many miles of trails in the national forests of that part of the state. They are now being rebuilt for the coming summer for use in fire protection. They are also of great use to tourists, campers, and prospectors.

#### FOREST NOTES.

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#### Her Wants.

"Does your wife want the vote?"  
"No. She wants a larger town house, a villa on the seacoast, and a new limousine car every six months. I'd be pleased most to death if she could fix her attention on a small matter like the vote."—New Orleans Picayune.

#### She Knows.

She had sent a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office and she said to her companion: "That's from Charlie I know! I can tell his stutler."

#### Protect Yourself.

Dear Uncle Jed: I live on a farm in Windham. We've got four cows, two horses and some sheep. We have lots of sport on the farm.  
I live on a big hill. It is good sliding and skating in winter. I am going to take a horse and some sheep. My name is Lillian. I have three

sisters and three brothers. I am 12 years old. I must close and say goodbye.  
LILLIAN JORGENSEN, South Windham, Maine.

#### The Way to Have a Beautiful Time.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day during my vacation we had a picnic. We started at ten o'clock to go to the pond. We took corn, tomatoes, clams, potatoes, and made clam chowder, and had roasted corn, sandwiches, cake and pie.  
After dinner we took off our shoes and stockings and waded in the water. We caught bullfrogs and put them back in the water. The little boy that was with us caught a great big bullfrog. The dog got it and ate it up.  
Then we went out in the boat and I let my feet hang out. After we came back we went wading again and before we went home we had vanilla ice cream.  
I hope the Wide-Awakes have all have such such a beautiful time as this.  
ROSE BRECKENRIDGE, Age 9, Norwich.

#### How Ada Makes Cake.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a new brother since I wrote last. My birthday was December 3rd. Five days later my brother was born. He is very cunning and fat. His hair is yellow, his eyes are blue. His name is James Frederick Marriott. When he was born he weighed ten pounds. There are six children in our family now.  
I have been taking music lessons on the piano since the last of June, and am getting along fine. I have to practice every day. I like it very much. It is a nice sounding piano. The scarf is dark green velvet; it came with the piano.  
I have a great many plans to take care of. It is a hard job to keep them warm these cold days. There are four in bloom now. One is red, another white and the other blue. The fourth one is a kind of a greenish color.  
I am going to have a flower garden this summer.  
Many of the girls' mother's learn them to cook. My mother teaches me, and I like to cook very much. I can make pie, cake, bread, pudding.  
This is a recipe for cake: One egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons of lard, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice, 1 cup of flour, 2 tablespoons of baking powder, and 1-2 teaspoon salt. Mix the sugar and lard together fine, then stir the egg with it until it is about like cream; then put in a teaspoon of flavoring. Put the flour in a sieve and put the baking powder and salt in, then pour it all into the other and stir till all is mixed well. Pour into a buttered pan and cook 20 minutes.  
If you want to frost it, put a half pound of powdered sugar in a bowl, take a piece of butter the size of a marble and a teaspoon of flavoring and stir all together. Moisten it with coffee, then add cocoa until it is as brown as you want it. Spread it on the cake and you will find it very nice.  
I hope some of the Wide-Awakes will try the recipe and like it.  
ADA MARIOTT.

#### A Dog and Cat Story.

Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you something about my aunt's dog and cat.  
One day my aunt's dog ran away. They couldn't find him. Soon it was supper time, but they hadn't found him. The dog and the kitten always ate out of the same dish, but the kitten wouldn't eat because the dog wasn't there. Then he went down cellar.  
Pretty soon the dog came home and my aunt got his supper ready, but he wouldn't eat because the kitten wasn't there.  
Then the dog went to the top of the stairs and barked for the kitten. Then the kitten came up and ate out of the dish. And the dog was so dirty rolling over that the kitten went up and washed him.  
HELEN RISLEY.

#### The Birds That Stay Here.

Dear Uncle Jed: We ought to build homes for the birds.  
Bits of crumbs, meat, scraps, water and nest should be put out for them to eat.  
The birds that stay around here are the Chickadees, Martins, Flickers, English Sparrows, Blue Jays, Chipping Sparrows, Wood-Peckers, Crows, Hawks and many more.  
When building a home for a Chickadee, we ought to make a small hole for the door so the Chickadee's enemies cannot drive them from their homes.  
It is a pure joy to hear them sing.  
EVA ALPERIN, Age 12, Mansfield Four Corners.

#### FOREST NOTES.

China imports wood pulp from Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, and Germany.  
The highest mountain in Montana, Granite Peak, with an altitude of 14,000 feet, is in the Beartooth national forest.  
Norway has 14 tree planting societies. The first was founded in 1890, and since then 25 million trees have been planted, more than 2 million having been set out last year.  
In many parts of the west snow is leaving the mountains earlier than usual. Foresters say that this may mean a bad fire season, and they are making plans for a hard campaign.  
New Jersey is said to have the greatest proportion of railroad mileage of any state in the country, or one mile of railroad to every three square miles of territory. This makes an unusual risk of forest fires set by railroads.  
The heavy storms in southern California during the past rainy season wiped out many miles of trails in the national forests of that part of the state. They are now being rebuilt for the coming summer for use in fire protection. They are also of great use to tourists, campers, and prospectors.

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